

Robert Wyatt, Soup Song

There's a mushroom on my eyelid,
There's a carrot down my back,
I can see in the distance a vast quantity of beans.
To you I'm just a flavour to make your soup taste nice.
Oh my God! Here come the onions and, I don't believe it,
at least a pound of rice.

There was a time when bacon sandwiches
were everyone's favourite snack.
I'm delicious when I'm crunchy, even when I'm almost black.
So why you make a soup with me,
I just can't understand.
It seems so bloody tasteless,
not to mention underhand

Now there's no hope of getting out of here,
I can feel I'm going soft.
Dirty waters soak my fibres,
the whole saucepan's getting hot
So I may as well resign myself,
make friends with a few peas,
but I just, I can't help hoping
that a tummy ache will bring you to your knees.

Bring you to your knees....